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MAY FLOWERS,

'Tis May all bright with the gifts of spring,
Those young sweet flowers swathed in freshest green.
I see a joyous child these treasures bring
In garlands twined to crown the heavenly Queen.

He played in wonderment 'bout Wisdom's seat
And placed the laughing blossoms o'er her head;
He strewed the daisies pied around her feet
Bedight with flowers, methought the May Queen said:

“Come hither little lad with eyes
Reflecting Heaven's blue,
The while in innocent surprise,
Your bouquet here we'll view.

The color's rich, the scent is sweet,
But all unknown to you
The lessons they e'en now repeat,
Then listen I'll construe:

Laburnum's dalia, these you twine
With golden sprays of rue,
And add the tawny columbine
Still diamonded with dew.

Laburnum's for the beauty which
Lives in a quiet place,
Retired, nor seeking to be rich,
And more of mind than face.

The dalia is for heroe's pride,
Mark of the noble race,
Whose sires on field and scaffold died,
But never knew disgrace.

Rue's for disdain that you would give
Every dishonest case,
Better the rankest herbs that live,
Than sweets that sin embrace.

The columbine in all their woe,
Is theirs, who, for a space,
Deserted, tried, yet faithful, so
Their constancy we trace.

Dear little lad with turquoise eyes.
Is it not written fair
The lesson that before you lies?
Early yourself prepare.

And as from flowers sweet perfume rise,
So let your virtues rare
Ascend like incense to the skies
And wing your pathway there."

I. F. ZIRCHER, '97.

EVANGELINE.

I have a great notion of working upon the people's feelings," wrote Longfellow once to a friend. If ever a notion was successfully converted into a fact, it was in this case. The poet's repeated travels and prolonged sojourns in the lands of the troubadours and the minnesingers made him sorely feel a void in the literature of his own people; and he believed it to be his sacred mission to devote his efforts in their behalf. The love and respect, with which the learned and illiterate alike mention Longfellow's name and the popularity accorded to his works not only in America and England but even on the European continent, expresses best how well he has succeeded.

Of all the literary feasts to which the poet treats us "Evangeline" is acknowledged the most exquisite. This poem is perhaps not numbered among the first class productions of the world's literature. We feel the absence of that passion pervading Byron's lines, the tone-coloring and artistic finish is inferior to that of Tennyson, the descriptions of nature may not be so broadly and fully executed as in the author of the "Excursion," we may miss the burning love of a Burns or the gallant heroism of the Scottish minstrel; but in "Evangeline" there is a certain something that brings it nearer our hearts than most of our other poetical gems. It is the voice of the human heart that speaks to us; we feel that it is flesh of our flesh and bone of our bone.

The metre of the poem is taken from Goethe's "Hermann and Dorothea," and the character of this flower of American idylls bears a close similarity to that of the cherished domestic epic of the German bard. Both these productions have won the people's sincerest love for their respective authors. Both are grown close to the hearts of rich and poor, are united to them with the most sacred ties that human affections and sympathies can bind. The secret of their charms lies mainly in the subject itself. The poets could not have made a better choice to work upon the feeling of the people. If a poet sings of love in affliction his strains are more in harmony with the music of the human heart than if tuned to any other melody. The story of Evangeline is pathetic and attractive enough to rivet one's attention and to enlist one's sympathy even if it were told in a prosy manner.

To the inattentive reader "Evangeline" may seem commonplace. The scenes and incidents are taken from the life of the simplest peasants. Many descriptions in the poem would be mere prose, had they not been invested with the charm of poetry by the felicitous pen of a Longfellow. There is manifestly little poetry in such things as barn-doors, farm-yards, ploughs and harrows, mules, and troughs for the horses. The poet, however, succeeds so well in securing our warmest sympathy for the persons therewith concerned, that we take a heartfelt interest in everything about them. In unpretending terms these descriptions picture the charms of the simple, rustic life of the patriarchal Acadians.

The language, simple and beautiful, is cleverly adapted to the tender, pathetic themes it describes. Musing over the lines of "Evangeline" we do not indeed hear those sonorous, majestic organ-peals of a Milton, but our hearts are affected as if listening to the soft, melancholy strains of the Aeolian harp; these sounds reverberate in our innermost being and are sweet, soothing, and attractive as the plaintive tunes of the nightingale. Its purity and nobility of aim, its deep and soulful pathos, elevates "Evangeline" to the level with the best productions in our literature.

Many side lights, as they may be called, enjoyed only by the nice, observing student, enhance the value and interest of this poem. Not unfrequently does the poet avail himself of onomatopoeitical effect; as, for example, when he says: "Merrily, merrily whirled the wheels of the dizzying dances." An occasional bit of delicate humor mostly effected by a dexterous juxtaposition or quaint combination of terms, is keenly enjoyed. The good-natured Benedict conjectures that the English have come to feed their "cattle and children." Michael, the fiddler, is a man with the gayest of "hearts and of waistcoats." Basil, the blacksmith, upon being re-united with his old acquaintances "pours forth his heart and his wine in endless profusion."

Nature always sympathizes with the good people. Shortly before the ominous arrival of the English we are told of the unfriendly season, when "wild with the winds of September wrestled the trees of the forest," and "all the signs fore-

told a winter long and inclement." Evangeline awaiting in anguish the return of her father and of Gabriel, who are meanwhile made prisoners by "his majesty's pleasure," "heard in the dead of night the disconsolate rain fall on the withered leaves; keenly the lightning flashed, and the voice of the echoing thunder told her that God was in Heaven." When after a long separation she is sighing for the moment which shall give her once more to the embrace of the beloved,

"Patience! whispered the oak from oracular caverns of
darkness,

And, from the moon-lit meadow a sigh responded, To-
morrow!"

But these are niceties of secondary importance. Our imagination wanders again and again to "Acadie, home of the happy," primarily because it meets there with those lovable, prepossessing characters, with whom one loves to linger. These patriarchal Acadians are one and all true-hearted, deeply religious, devout, patriotic, and withal jovial.

Evangeline herself is unquestionably the most beautiful of Longfellow's creation. She is more attractive than his lovely Minnehaha, superior even to his "Puritan maiden Priscilla." Her character is adorned with every quality which makes woman estimable and lovable; and her misfortune surrounds her with a sombre atmosphere, in which sympathizing hearts involuntarily perceive a halo of sacredness. A few telling lines culled from the poem will give her graphic portraiture:

"Bright was her face with smiles and words of welcome

and gladness

Fell from her beautiful lips and blessed the cup as she
gave it."

"From the fields of her soul a fragrance celestial as-
cended,—

Charity, meekness, love, and hope, and forgiveness and
patience."

"Fair was she and young:" "a maiden who waited and
wandered

Lowly and meek in spirit and patiently suffering all
things."

Though the last ray of hope of ever seeing
her beloved again is vastly vanishing, she remains
faithful as ever; upon being urged to give her
hand to another with a "heart as tender and true
and sprit as loyal" as Gabriel's, she answers: "I
cannot—Whither my heart has gone there follows
my hand and not elsewhere." At length she de-
votes herself a chaste virgin to the service of her
heavenly bridegroom. Her heroic resignation is
beautifully seen when Gabriel expires in her arms:

"And as she pressed once more the lifeless head to her
bosom,

Meekly she bowed her own and murmured, Father, I
thank Thee!"

Longfellow's deeply religious sentiments and
his attitude toward us Catholics finds expression
in these popular lines;

"But a celestial brightness, a more ethereal beauty—

Shone on her face and encircled her form, when, after
confession,

Homeward serenely she walked with God's benediction
upon her."

His portrayal of Father Felician's character
shows the same. How beautiful these lines from
a Puritan poet;

“Onward from fire to fire, as from hearth to hearth in
his parish,
Wandered the faithful priest, consoling and blessing
and cheering,
Like unto ship-wrecked Paul on Mileta's desolate sea-
shore.”

The good priest possesses the warmest affection of his parishioners:

“Slowly down the street came the parish priest, and the
children
Paused in their play to kiss the hand extended to bless
them.
Reverend walked he among them; and up rose the mat-
rons and maidens
Hailing his slow approach with words of affectionate
welcome.”

He exerts an almost magical influence over them. When at the announcement of the royal mandate the sturdy patriots burst forth in “strife and tumult and angry contention,” Father Felician's sole mien and gesture calms the clamorous throng; and before they leave the house of God, the English hear instead of imprecations, “Father forgive them!”

It is Longfellow's kindly feelings toward us Catholics which raises him in our estimation above any other non-Catholic American poet. True enough, he is not altogether free from prejudice in the treatment of Catholic themes: his monks, as they are found especially in the “Golden Legend,” are very similar to his asinine Brother Timothy, the Monk of Casal-Maggiore. But considering the circumstances and conditions as they existed and partly still exist in our country, we scarcely expect of our non-Catholic bards a treatment fault-

lessly just. We are inclined to pardon Longfellow's slips, seeing that he is the best of those who try to be good. On the whole he wishes to treat us fairly. This is proved beyond doubt by his "Evangeline," as well as by the majority of his other poems which teem with beautiful figures and references taken from Catholic life and from the ceremonies of cloister and church.

"Evangeline" is growing as familiar to the literary world as are the masterpieces of Homer and Virgil, it is much dearer to our hearts, and in all probability it is destined to the same immortality. To apply the poet's own words: As long as men "believe in affection that hopes and endures and is patient, in the beauty and strength of woman's devotion," they will "list to the mournful tradition still sung by the pines of the forest, list to the tale of love in Acadie, home of the happy."

Didacus A. Brackmann, '98.

A MAY NOTE.

Oh happy seemeth
To me all the earth!
How gaily streameth
The light in its mirth!

Blossoms imparting
Sweet fragrance of dew!
The bees all departing
With burden so true!

Sorrow that's ended!
Gladness begun!
Joys that are blended
All into one!

F. T. S., '99.

A RHYME OF THE DELL O' DIES.

It was because an ugly frog
Was sitting in the grass
That this most simple rhyming jog
Has ever come to pass.

It was beside the little brook
A boy was strolling by;
Alas! alack! he bore a look
Of mischief in his eye.

Within his hand he held a sling,
And it was stout and hale.
This is a most unchristian thing—
The moral of my tale.

Then did the frog emit a croak
That rode upon the blast.
The bad boy thought 'twould be a joke
To make that croak his last.

Ah me! ah my! with fiendish art
He took a fatal aim
Directly at the froggie's heart
And oh! he hit the same.

Then from the frog a final gasp
That bore away his soul;
The boy his conscience 'gan to rasp,
And in his heart was dole.

He fared him farther by the bank,
To flee some boding trouble;
Yet lower still his spirits sank
Till fear began to bubble-

What awful cry was that he heard
Which through the forest wailed?
All mute was ev'ry piping bird,
The culprit's cheek was paled.

A killing blight was spread around;
He stood afraid, alone,
Nor made his frozen lips a sound,
They were as dead as stone.

As in a spell of the nightmare
His lagging steps were fated
To lead him back in haste to where
The crime was consummated.

Oh woful sight! o fearful truth!
High up in judgment sated
The mate whose rightful lord this youth
Had laid, assassinated.

Then to the wailing frogs around
These direful words she spake;
The while the boy upon the ground
Did quake and quake and quake.

"This bloody boy that yonder kneels
I guilty find," she said,
"My heart no pity for him feels
Nor will till he is dead.

"Look where the sharp stone entered in,
Mark ye this bloody trail.
The sin his heart is centered in
That pierced my brave one's mail."

She sighed. "He had the lithest pumps,
I swear by my dead mother,
He cleared this space in seven jumps.
Can I find such another?

"Wherefore this boy, my brethren ye
Shall place beneath the wave.
Immediately his death shall be,
The water there his grave."

Now made the boy a piteous plea;
No mercy did he find.
On every frog-face gravity
And stolid hearts behind.

Unto the water's edge they drew him,
 That long and loyal line,
 And then without a prayer threw him
 Into the foaming brine.

Along that moaning brooklet's shore
 Will dwell a ghostly twain,
 Will float for aye and evermore
 The spirits of the slain.

.....

The valiant deeds told in this rhyme
 All befell in the olden time,
 As any wizard of elfen lore
 Will tell you, and a great deal more.

Before the frog sate in the grass—
 By which this rhyme has come to pass—
 The frog down in the Dell O' Dies
 Sang lucid, rapturous melodies.

But now at night 'mid dripping dews
 The marshes sound with a mellow ooze,
 That softens the fay and eerie horning,
 'Tis a frog chorus of mystic mourning.

.....

The death of joy for frogs was knelled
 In the mistful, wistful days of eld.

THOMAS P. TRAVERS, '99.



THANATOPSIS.

GENIAL Doctor Holmes once said: "If you remember me by the Chambered Nautilus, or The Promise, or The Living Temple, your memory will be a monument I shall think more of than bronze and marble." I doubt not that every master, every man in fact, on the completion of some particular task feels an inward satisfaction, knowing that if posterity will claim him for its own, it could not but honor him the more for having wrought this one work. When such thoughts shoot through the master-minds, I fancy, each word, each color, and each successive stroke is drawing deeper from the quintessence of the genius producing it which is not niggardly of its gift.

All masterpieces of art were born of one of four motives; love of God and desire of increasing His glory; hope of bettering the condition of our fellowmen; love of immortal names; devotion to art for art's sake. This last trips closely at times on the heels of the first, though more often it degenerates into nothing more than a natural love of the beautiful and good.

With what thoughts must not Father Faber have written those great works, such as his "Bethlehem," which the world never will learn to appreciate rightly! It was nought but pure and holy love of God that spurred the gentle priest on. Tennyson wrote with a mixture of both the first and last motives, though on reading his poetry, I am

inclined to believe the last predominant, nevertheless, he seems never for one instant to have lost sight of the first. Note the contrast between the writings of the humble superior of St. Philip Neri's Oratory and those of the English laureate. I would dare say there is more genuine poetry worded into one page of "Bethlehem" than can be found in all the exquisite verses of "In Memoriam."

Greece, proud Greece, whose temples once defiant stood, no longer boasts of the grandeur of her lofty domes and the majesty of her columns. What a lesson these fragments tell,—of human glory which sinks so soon— of the vanity of human affairs. America has no ruins venerable with age, but lofty monuments. I shall mention one literary monument that will stand for ages to come, grand, majestic, and sublime, even as the pyramids beside the lolling Nile, and as clammy, cold withal. No "various language" does this monument speak, but a language of melancholy sadness. It beckons the monarch whose fitful life is drawing to a fitful close to lie down forgetful of his greatness and glory. This monument is *A View of Death*, and its builder William Cullen Bryant.

Four score years have passed since *Thanatopsis* first appeared in the *North American Review*. Bryant was then but eighteen years of age, which circumstance has led many to believe him to have been a very precocious genius. While my task is not one of an *advocatus diaboli* whose sole purpose is the invention of faults and minimizing of vir-

tues, I would maintain Bryant to be neither an example of precocity nor of extraordinary genius. When *Thanatopsis* was given to the public for the first time it contained but forty verses, and only as Bryant advanced in years was it revised again and again till at last it contained eighty one instead of the original forty verses, which too, were altered so much that the history of the poem constitutes a profitable as well as an entertaining study.

The opening verses are perhaps the most beautiful in the poem, and while they tell us no new truths, they express the trite more beautifully than they have ever yet been expressed.

“To him who in the love of Nature, holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness and a smile,
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his darker musings with a mild
And gentle sympathy that steals away
Their sharpness ere he is aware.”

Very characteristic are these lines. For Bryant was wont to hold communion with Nature's visible forms, and to him in return she spoke a various language. Like Tennyson, Bryant was Nature's own, but unlike Tennyson he was not *society's* poet of nature but *nature's* poet of society. Tennyson shows us the influence man and nature exert over man; Bryant, the influence nature solely exerts.

Nature was to Bryant precisely what it was to his fellow-countryman, Cooper,— the source of all inspiration; and like Cooper he loved nature best as she displayed herself in his native land.

The giddy heights of her overhanging cliffs, the stillness of her forests primeval, the vastness of her billowy prairies, all these were to Bryant and Cooper stores of untold treasures of thought. What Cooper was to American fiction, that Bryant was to American poetry. Intensely American were both these Nature's children. Nevertheless, there is a gulf of difference between the two, and Cooper was far the greater in his line. To Bryant Nature was all; to Cooper Nature was but the manifestation of a Power he knew must be infinitely more beautiful than its handiwork.

There are few new truths in *Thanatopsis*. Indeed, all are very, very trite. Bryant has succeeded however in clothing old thoughts in most beautiful garments of words, so much so that we are at a first glance led to believe them to be thoughts entirely new. Bryant, too, catching the spirit of the age, endeavors to strip old truths of all their harshness. But he succeeded not in going below the surface. No sooner do you begin to reflect than you see the old, old crudeness sprout, grow and bear thorns. Note the following:

“Yet a few days and thee
The all beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet, in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid with many tears,
Nor in the entire embrace of ocean shall exist
Thy image.”

'Tis nothing more than the old, old story, “Remember man that thou art dust and unto dust thou shalt return;” with a little decoration of flowery words which must soon wilt.

Were Bryant's only fault that of sweetening

bitter truths, 'twere no fault at all. But he errs and errs seriously in more than one passage of *Thanatopsis*. Thus when he says;

“Yet not to thy eternal resting place
Shalt thou retire alone, nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent.”

Surely Bryant means not what he says, or would he have us believe the grave to be our last resting place, would he have us look no further than Time's so dismal shore? How true it is, that none but a Catholic poet can write true poetry and that the more nearly Catholic in spirit a poet is, the less his every poem will be a “*wild* effort to reach the beauty above.”

In the following lines Bryant succeeds masterfully in placing before us scenes likely to inspire us with truly poetic sentiments;

“Take the wings
Of morning and the Barcan desert pierce,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
Save its own dashing—yet—the dead are there;
And millions in those solitudes since first
The flight of years began have laid them down
In their last sleep; the dead reign there alone.”

We seem to feel ourselves influenced by the noiseless, breathless, hush, and a feeling of loneliness overtakes our souls. He goes on:

The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one as before will chase
His favorite phantom.”

We are made to understand that our short careers are but as the particles of dust which, dropping from out the shadows, glitter their mo-

ment in the morning sun and are dropt once more into darkness. Bryant continues:

“So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not like the quarry slave at night
Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave.”

And here where we expect a grand idea, a fitting climax to the whole, where we expect to be told to go to meet the Master's welcoming face, he says only,

“Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him and lies down to pleasant dreams.”

What sweet advise indeed,

“Thou go not like the quarry slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon.”

Yea, let death be to thee but a mild and loving summons to meet thy Master on the clouds above; a sweet exit from this vale of tears, a sweeter entrance to the realms of glory. But, alas! how hollow and empty though exquisitely fair are the last two verses! Bryant bids us approach the grave soothed by an unfaltering trust. We find fault with Tennyson for expressing his doubt when he says:

“I stretch lame hands of faith and grope
And gather dust and chaff and all
To what I feel the Lord of all
And faintly hope that larger hope.”

But Tennyson is infinitely superior to Bryant, for Tennyson's fault is, that his trust in God lacks a *something*. Bryant does not even mention upon what his trust, his *unfaltering trust*, is built. It

would seem that it is such a trust as supported George Eliot throughout her stormy career.

In conclusion it must be said that *Thanatopsis* is with all its faults a grand poem; for after all, if we apply the touch-stone of perfection, it will be found that there is nothing perfect that is human, and it is in God alone that we shall find the acme of all poetry, eloquence, and truth. As long as the English language shall exist, *Thanatopsis* will be read and Bryant be remembered.

FELIX T. SEROCZYNSKI, '99.

THE FATE OF JIM WICKLE IN SCALING THE
MOUNTAIN TO REACH HIPPOCRENE,
THE FABULOUS FOUNTAIN.

"My heart," said Jim Wickle, "is like to the ocean,
Just full and o'erflowing with bubbling emotion,
By Jove and Mnemosyne! I have a notion
To woo their fair daughters with ardent devotion."
He first took a draught of the delicate liquor,
"Forsooth, a nectarian draught! I should snicker."
Then mounting his pony, a famous old kicker,
He soon saw Parnassus's beacon lights flicker.
Said a muse to Apollo, "I swear by old Castor!
Down there comes a plodding a fine poetaster,
Let's scare his slow Pegasus, make him go faster,
Hm! wont it be funny to have a disaster?"
Quoth bonus Homerus in tones somewhat fickle:
"The churl's got a look just as sweet as a pickle,"
Then taking his spy-glass, "I bet you a nickel"
He says, "if it isn't our jolly Jim Wickle."
"Good eye!" shout the alii superiores,
(For you know on Parnassus are all the world's glories,
That ever invented poetical stories—
The Greeks and the Romans, the Whigs and the Tories.)

Jim Wickle's ascent was a uniform dragging,
His tempo, if changing at all, was a-lagging,
Ob hoc the gay rhymster had quitted his bragging,
But beat the odd pony to keep him a-wagging.
Said Jim, "those old ladies, they're callin' the muses,
Wont care for a poet; if once he abuses
Their kindness, they'll care not a pin if he loses
His callin'; they'll thwart his poetical cruises."

He still kept a-shoving—for nothing was dearer
To him than renown—and thus he got nearer;
From the top of Parnassus the voices grew clearer,
And Jim pricked his ears like an interested hearer.

Old Horace was lecturing about "Ad Pisones;"
But Jimmy, "me thinks he's speakin' 'bout ponies."
(For Jim doesn't know what the general tone is
That's spoken by those apothesised cronies.)

Jim Wickle pronounced his petition most humble
Of being admitted—but then came a tumble;
His Pegasus reeled and, beginning to stumble,
Et pony et homo went down with a rumble.

Now, where in the world is the man to keep tearless
On seeing degraded a poet so peerless,
Who, scaling the sacred Parnassus so fearless,
Was hurled from its heights to a valley all cheerless?

Thus thrust from his glorious poetical station,
Jim Wickle is straying 'mid sad desolation,
Denouncing the muses with dire imprecation,
Deploring, like Nero, his loss to the nation.

Poor Jimmy grows daily more cross and splenetic,
And truly, it needs not a seer prophetic
To say it is sad and immensely pathetic
To think of the ruin of a man so poetic.

The moral derived from the tale of this climber
O' Parnassus,—'tis wholesome for any old timer—:
Beware of the fate of this jovial chimer,
Despised by the muse, because only a rhymer.

DIDACUS A. BRACKMAN, '98.

A PERIOD IN LITERATURE--THE VICTORIAN

THERE are problems in the history of literature which are of as deep import to the student of letters as the problems which confront the students of the more exact sciences. Their solution is more difficult, because we are not provided with so firm and constant a basis as they enjoy who move along the lines indicated in sciences that savor of mathematical exactness. In literature, progress is determined by comparison, and for a standard we select some period which in our estimation embodies the best. The basis of decision is, consequently, variable, since it is, in a great measure, a matter of mere opinion. Of course there are epochs which we acknowledge, and whose attainments are beyond dispute; but to come to a conclusion concerning the relative value of these various epochs is a labor which does not admit of a definite completion. Unanimity of opinion prevails about the fitness of denominating the period in which Shakespeare wrote as the Elizabethan; to continue, however, and define its position as compared to the Augustan Age evidences the fact that the end at which we arrive is a dogmatic assertion rather than a deduction from universally admitted premises. And to presume to limit the rise and development of literature, as consequent upon the existence of a certain set of circumstances, verges upon the impossible. Our discomfiture would be no less bitter than the utter failure of *Madame de Stael* to accomplish this

undertaking. Variability of opinion, in consequence, may be termed the prominent characteristic of literary criticism in as far as it applies to the history of letters in deciding the superiority of one period over another. In the strife, brought about by this divergence of opinion among critics, one tendency has been emphasized. There is an inclination to ignore the question of supremacy between the great epochs of English literature, and in its stead discover the influence which one age exercises upon its immediate successor; to detect in how far the traits of one period influenced the one coming directly after it; to single out the causes that have been obstructive of advancement in one era and to determine their results in the years that followed.

If we would form an estimate of our present literature, it is necessary to acquaint ourselves of the extent of the period in which we live, and the status of the one which preceded it. The limitation of a period, as we have remarked, is mostly arbitrary, and we must advance a reason for our procedure if we assign limits that do not exactly suggest themselves. Undoubtedly, our epoch can be extended to the death of Walter Scott, arguing on the basis that the imaginative character of literature began to dwindle away and be lost in that enthusiasm for scientific and sociological truths whose first gleams were then noticeable. But so many opposite tendencies are apparent in the literature of the last sixty years that to classify it into one epoch is to throw together ingredients that refuse to blend into one harmonious whole.

The trend of letters since 1832 has not been to drift *decidedly* from the position they occupied in the years coming before that date. A casual survey of the field of literature will convince the most obstinate that no definite direction has been pursued and no regular movement toward an end is distinguishable. Originality and a desire to break away from old forms and traditions has been the key-note. In the confusion resulting, no evident and unmistakable peculiarity can be found existing throughout the years that have come and gone since the Wizard of the North passed away. The imaginative element entered largely into literature at that time, but its absence cannot confer a distinctive character upon the period that followed, because the imaginative has been cultivated to a certain degree. We readily admit, as Frederic Harrison expresses it, that "our present literature is unsympathetic to the highest forms of the imagination," but it is idle to contend that it is simply critical and analytic and to claim that it has been plodding wearily along dim paths that were not lighted up by a moderate exercise of the imagination. Hence, our period is not a mere negation in method and result of what was practiced and accomplished in a period that ended with Walter Scott. Many difficulties are manifest upon attempting to distinguish the positive marks or characteristics of a literature that began to exhibit certain new peculiarities two generations ago. A comparison will reveal the progress or backward march which we have made in matters literary; but to point out exactly in what our deficiencies or

advances consist is a task demanding more labor and a keener insight than is required for the mere instituting of a comparison. The difficulty is not so pronounced when the opening years of Queen Victoria's reign are considered, but is intensified as we approach our own day. For instance to gain an idea of the revolution that has been carried on, we may place in juxtaposition the literary accomplishments of our own time, and the works that appeared just prior to Victoria's assumption of power. Assuming that Scott is a representative of his epoch, it becomes impossible to decipher any striking resemblance in either the trend or substance of literature between a period in which it was imaginative and molded upon traditional dependence, and the last few years when its prominent note was analytic and defiant of all laws of connection, so radical has been the change effected since Victoria became England's Queen.

In opposition to this view it may be urged, that Stevenson, for instance, is not totally dissimilar to Scott; but this objection, instead of weakening our contention, can be advanced in its support. It may not be impossible to single out in the years that have intervened a writer, here and there, who has traveled over the course pursued by Scott, and whose peculiarities mark him as a disciple of the school to which Sir Walter belonged. However, they are not sufficient in number to constitute a distinct body. Even if we are capable of detecting some links by which writers of this stamp are bound together and which continue the character impressed upon them by their founder,

yet each successive advance which they have made has not been an evolution from the foregoing. At every stage of their progress, they have imbibed new ideas and manifested an inclination to diverge from the doctrines which were peculiar to their number in the beginning of their existence as an individual school. This delicate thread which connects them will scarcely warrant us in believing that they form a class as regards either their methods or results.

We fear to hazard the assertion that there has been an uninterrupted development of the school to which Scott gave a distinctive character. Stevenson is not an outgrowth of those writers who preceded him. Whatever of resemblance is apparent between him and the distinguished author to whom he has been likened, was obtained, to borrow a familiar metaphor, not from the troubled stream, but from the fountain-head. The peculiarity of scientific writings which was at its height just previous to the appearance of Stevenson's delightful compositions was certainly not formative of Stevenson's character as a writer. Darwin, Tyndall, Huxley, and, we may add, Herbert Spencer were sweeping away landmarks and with their unstable hypotheses and unwarranted conclusions, not only made language a sophism which lures us away by its charm, but contributed to root out the imaginative character which our literature once possessed. They have effected that it has expended most of its talent upon the discussion of cold scientific truths, and in consequence, it has been attracted to subjects upon

which it cannot attain that full and free development resulting from the treatment of themes more in accordance with the spirit of the best in the English language. Now, we are not contending science cannot become the subject-matter of literary works. In proportion as the subject matter is given a severe scientific treatment it ceases to be literature. The beauty of style observable in Darwin, Tyndall, Huxley, and Spencer entitles their productions, at least some of them, to be ranked under the head of literature; but it is simply on account of the fact that they have treated their subjects with a coloring derived from their own minds. The damage they have done consists in this, that they have made science popular in detriment of the other departments of literature.

On account of the intervention of authors of this kind, it becomes evident that if the imaginative quality which was so widely visible in the pre-Victorian epoch has not become extinct, it has not survived continuously. It has originated with the authors in whom we discover it since that period.

From these observations, it is legitimate to infer that there has been no uniform tendency in the years we have been considering. If we must classify into periods, the sixty odd years that have elapsed since 1834 cannot constitute one period, if we rely upon internal arguments to vindicate such a division, that is, basing our action on the character and tendencies which literature has evinced in that length of time. To conclude that, on the other hand, these years have witnessed nothing

except a conflict between opposing forces would be a deduction somewhat wider than the premises allow. The mere presence of a great author—and they have not been lacking—is an assurance that, at least during his lifetime, his influence will impress itself upon literature and upon literary aspirants. In consequence, a definite tone and directness will be given to literature at least as long as his prestige continues. This traditional dependence which the well known critic, Edmund Gosse, claims has expired in 1888, whatever be its defect, has benefited literature in as far as it has restrained freedom and licence—the evils to a great extent in our day. Cardinal Newman explains this authority which is invariably exercised by authors who have risen to distinction. “The school which a great author forms would fain monopolize the language, draw up canons of criticism from his writings, and is intolerant of innovation. Those who come under its influence will be deterred or dissuaded from striking out on a path of their own.” The Cardinal seems to deprecate the existence of such dependence upon the master writers, yet in a period, like ours, when tradition and every vestige of the old order are being scorned and swept away with an alacrity which seems to indicate an escape from bondage, this deterring influence is an advantage to the progress of letters. But there has been no great “dictator” who shaped and molded literature after a fashion and whose impress is discernible throughout the period which commenced in 1834 and extends to the present time—there has not been any

definite influence whose results are traceable, and, therefore, if the varying productions that have appeared since that date are to be ranged under one period, it will not be because there has been uniformity either in design or accomplishment. The *Victorian era*, the appellation which has been conferred upon it, is not suggestive of special or distinctive traits in the literature of Victoria's reign, but under the circumstances we must acquiesce in its acceptance as the name of the period in the absence of reasons to confer upon the last sixty years a title indicative of their achievements and deficiencies in the realm of letters.

THOMAS M. CONROY, '96.



A BOUQUET.

With charms as ancient as the world, but still
Enjoyed as new and fresh, as virgin joys,
Has lovely Spring returned again and will
Anew unfold to us her myriad toys.

In flowing robes of richest hue arrayed,
In robes of ev'ry tint and ev'ry tone
Of light and shade fair Nature has displayed
Her richest vernal charms, the choicest known.

Her balmy breath is perfume, sweet her look
And one perpetual smile, her gracious speech
Is gentle like the murmuring of the brook
Or gay like splashing waves upon the beach.

More beautiful and rich than king or queen
In all the dazzling splendor of a throne,
More charming, more attractive, sweet and keen
Are Nature's joys perceived in Spring alone.

More beautiful than any queen?—Ah, no!
For nature has but donned her holiday
Attire to honor one more fair, to show
A splendor worthy of the Queen—of May.

Her feasts, who after Winter's dreary reign
Of four times thousand years has brought a time
Of glorious Spring forever to remain,
Fair nature celebrates with state sublime.

To honor this celestial queen, the air,
With perfumes laden, grows more fragrant still,
The budding trees and plants become more fair,
And purer seems the laughing, rippling rill.

The lily, all immaculate as thou,
O mother dear, would seem with thee to vie,
The modest pansy makes a humbler bow,
The blushing rose assumes a deeper dye.

The thrilling strains of lark and nightingale
Are most enchanting in the month of May,
And all the feathery tribe would seem to hail
The Virgin Queen, each with his choicest lay.

Thus all the charms of May combine to please
The daughter, virgin mother, purest bride
Of God, her triune Lord, to thus increase
The glory of the queen of vernal tide.

Around her shrine are grouped the choicest, best
Of Nature's gifts to grace her festive time,
Of gifts from north and south and east and west,
Of Nature's rarest goods from ev'ry clime.

If even Nature, dead and soulless, pays
Respect to Heaven's gentle queen, should we,
Her chosen children, on the blessed days
Of May less zealous and submissive be?

Ah, no! O Lady, hear our solemn vow:
Throughout thy month of May, throughout the year
Before thy sacred shrine we humbly bow
And offer thee a contrite heart, O Mother dear.

A heart which throbs in childlike love of thee,
Which thy maternal love has caused to turn
From things terrene to those divine, and, free
From earth's alloy for thee alone to yearn.

Do not despise this humble gift and grant
That, guided by thy love's unfading ray,
We reach the land where saints and angels chant
For aye thy praise, O Mary, Queen of May.

DIDACUS A. BRACKMAN, '98.


THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

DURING THE SCHOLASTIC YEAR

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 It is not the object of this paper to diffuse knowledge or to convey information of general interest. The ordinary College journal is not intended to be a literary magazine, but serves to reflect college work and college life. It is edited by the students in the interest of the students and of their parents and friends. Hence, the circle of subscribers for such papers is naturally very limited, and substantial encouragement is therefore respectfully solicited for the Collegian.

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THOMAS P. TRAVERS, '99, Exchange Editor.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS:

DIDACUS A. BRACKMANN, '98,

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EDITORIALS.

We cannot refrain from informing our readers that our next number will contain an interesting communication from Father Schaeper, descriptive of the Church of Santa Maria in Crastevere, which is the titular church of our Cardinal Gibbons.

After the government had formally declared war the Stars and Stripes were hoisted above the College amid the singing of patriotic hymns and enthusiastic cheering of the students.

Some of the best Catholic weeklies have of late published articles on church music for which we cannot commend them too highly. We hope these papers will continue to instruct their readers on this important subject. They can at least prepare the ground for an appreciation of true church music, which may speed the time when the Church authorities can insist on having music according to the mind of the Church at divine service. If the utterances of any paper command attention it is those of the CHURCH PROGRESS, and the COLLEGIAN is, therefore, not a little pleased and honored on finding its article on church music accorded the first place in that excellent paper. In an editorial on the introduction of the Church's music the CHURCH PROGRESS wisely holds that it can be introduced only by "organizing Caecilian societies or special parish societies and classes for the study of plain chant. All the school children and every devout society in the parish can and should take part in this study." We may remark, too, that these music lessons would be worth almost as much as those given by teachers of vocal culture which cost a dollar each and more.

A good memory is as necessary to a student as a clear mind and a good reasoning power. It is indispensable when one is pursuing many studies, such as those of the classical course. While a very bright and tenacious memory is a gift, we know that a fairly good memory may be wonderfully strengthened by a systematic training. Memorizing each day's lessons is not sufficient

training. As a rule we do not learn the lessons by heart, but only study them; i. e., learn to understand them. Memorizing a speech, a lengthy poem, or a part in a play is better exercise for the memory, and if we would devote a little time each day to such exercises it would not be wasted. To think, how much depends upon our having an accurate memory! In active life, no matter what business or profession we may embrace, we must daily call up an astonishing number of facts and figures; success is dependent on our memory in most of our transactions. There is, therefore, rather danger of exercising the memory too little than of training it at the expense of reason.

Patriotic songs seem to become dear to the people because of the memories that cling to them. Their musical worth and suggestiveness is apparently of not much concern. The American national songs are musically silly, with the exception of "My Country" and "Star-Spangled Banner." The latter is a grand composition, full of sentiment, fire, and pathos, but is it more popular than "Yankee Doodle?" Star-Spangled Banner is a war-hymn, and it should now be sung in preference to all others. Its majestic movement, deep feeling, and firm rhythm alone can convey American sentiment at the present time. It is a hero's song which Beethoven might have composed.

"And the star-spangled banner
In triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free
And the home of the brave."

BITS OF CONTEMPORANEOUS THOUGHT.

“English Literature and the Vernacular” by Mark H. Liddell, is a thoughtful article in the May number of the ATLANTIC MONTHLY. Having shown that there must be some difference in the language of conversation and the language of books, he proves that this difference is only formal. Here the English again differs from most of the other living languages, for, unlike them, the English language in spoken form has kept pace with the English in written form, and essentially both are the same. The writer takes exception to the prevailing method of teaching English. Our language, he says, is often not mastered, because students become too early acquainted with the old tongues. Besides, nearly all the rules of Grammar and Rhetoric, being taken from the classics of old, which students generally learn before they learn the masters of their own language a strong tendency prevails to prefer all things classical to the vigorous idiom of our own vernacular. This is condemned by the writer; but it must be doubted, whether the harmony and precision accruing from the observation of these rules of rhetoric do not justify the method, though that “vigor and that forthright quality that calls a spade a spade”, is partly lost. Every student, the writer says, ought to be perfectly acquainted with English literature before he studies the old languages, which also seems to be impracticable since a perfect acquaintance with the English pre-

supposes at least some knowledge of Latin, so we think the studies of both ought to go hand in hand.

The rapid growth Russia is making in the East, the territorial acquisitions made by the other powers of Europe in the East and on the Pacific islands, and above all the gigantic growth of Japan must sooner or later awaken our interest to the highest pitch. The Cuban affairs may for a time monopolize our attention, but in the far East looms up the burning question which to solve will take a good deal of diplomacy if not a terrible war in which the din of battle will sound from sea to sea.

In contrast to this threatening aspect in the East, George W. Mellville writing in the *NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW* on "Our Future on the Pacific," speaks of the comparatively poor and obsolete works of defence on our Western coast. Our interests in the East will perhaps clash with those of other countries, our commerce in the East must increase yearly, for American manufactures become more and more dependent on the Asiatic market. Now the upholding of our prestige and the danger of being expelled from Eastern markets by any foreign aggression compels us to assume a defiant attitude, and this as the writer says, must be done on the Pacific coast. The time has ceased as Richard Olney says in the *ATLANTIC MONTHLY*, when the United States were completely isolated from other countries. The wonderful changes in navigation have changed this, and for this very reason we must and will come into closer contact with other nations. With a strong appeal for an improvement in coast defences of our wealthy Pacific states the writer closes this interesting and timely article. G. G. H. '97.

EXCHANGES.

Owing to a regrettable oversight, the April COLLEGIAN was not sent to the GEORGETOWN JOURNAL and to the ALOYSIAN until the month was well under way.

"A Twentieth Century Man" in the GEORGETOWN JOURNAL is unfolding nicely. The character of the Dig is exceptionably strong. Patent striving for this feature makes the character at times very improbable, and makes some parts of the picture far subordinate to the strong outline of one figure. A most delicate thought is contained in these lines:

DISAPPOINTMENT.

"A wave from the land would stray
And wander over the land.
But pouring forth its tears of spray,
It broke upon the sand."

What we admire most in the MT. ST. MARY'S RECORD is its persistent working of a vein of local color. Its contributors seem to find any amount of subjects within the shadow of the academy building. The lowest classes seem to aspire to journalistic fame. The April number contained a 1906 contributor; truly, a recordbreaker. Exchanges are criticised with a most becoming freshness.

We welcome the DELAWARE COLLEGE REVIEW to the list of our exchanges. The first number we received does not speak well for the editors. Half-heartedness is its most prominent feature.

In the editorials we observed a stanza representing commencement as the day on which we begin to unlearn all that we know. The sentiment, it is true, is not a rare one, but the mission of a college journal should be to stamp out this feeling among students, not to patronize it as witty.

The ALOYSIAN, by the way, seems to have taken some slight umbrage at remarks made in this column on Quarterlies. A host of eloquent reasons that would bravely sustain our opinion are stored away in our lockers; which we shall not adduce, if they give offence. *En passant*, however, we prophesy that the ALOYSIAN will be a Monthly before a great many moons, if the editors are thoroughly alive to the paper's best interests.

Stevenson from various points of view is the subject of the ST. JAMES JOURNAL'S potpourri for April. The sketch of Stevenson's child-verse is done with an eye to originality and in a keenly critical way. One of the editorials defends the Journal's policy of making an author, as it were, a string on which to drop a few beads each month. So long as these pearls continue to be well shaped and of bright color there is no adequate cause for complaint on the part of the reader. A flowing narrative of the life and work of St. Thomas Aquinas is also a feature of the April number. Apart from the disposition to ramble from the subject at the beginning, the writer has presented a very unimpeachable story of this great man's life.

The robust contents of the last HOLY GHOST COLLEGE BULLETIN make that issue excel in nearly every respect any preceding one that we have seen. Naturalness, so very desirable and so often wanting in school journals, is a shining virtue of the paper on the "Concordat." Mr. E. J. McCarthy contributes a smooth paper under the formidable title, the "Psychology of Aristotle." The subject would seem to require a larger range of treatment than can be crowded into the limited space afforded by a college paper, yet the writer acquits himself well of the difficult task in hand. Another of the class of '98 deplures some of the defects in our public school system. With the spirit of the true reformer, he also suggests sensible measures by which to eliminate the objectionable features. One glaring defect of this journal is the heaviness of its tone. Even the verse writers scrupulously avoid anything that might lend a tripping effect to their lines. Otherwies the paper is one of which the Pittsburg students may take wholesome pride.

THOMAS P. TRAVERS, '99.

BOOK REVIEWS.

PERE MONNIER'S WARD. BY WALTHER LECKY. BENZIGER BROS.

A novel with a purpose and a lesson, but delightful reading. The characters, too, are charmingly and consistently evolved. The principle of heredity is hinted to, though it cannot be called the leading idea. This novel illustrates not one single truth, but brings home to us very vividly the joys and blessings of an innocent life and the demoralizing influence of wealth suddenly acquired. Pere Monnier is an earnest and lovable pastor, and Genevieve, his ward, a girl whose qualities of heart and mind are admirable. But her conduct prior to yielding to the attentions of the worthless son of the despicable Mr. Fortune needs an explanation, which the author does not give. One cannot suppose that in any stage of her love she would conceal it from the priest to whom she owes everything. But the wreck which her sinful marriage causes is pitiable, and in this the book utters a solemn warning to young people. Pere Monnier's Ward is of superior merit, and we think its author is treading the path which leads to enduring fame. The book is very tastefully bound. Price, \$1.25.

PICKLE AND PEPPER BY ELLA LORAIN DORSEY. BENZIGER BROS.

The story—incidents in the family of Mr. Thomas—is well told, and the lessons conveyed are beautiful indeed. We ob-

tain a glimpse of an ideal family life, such as piety and good education produce, but the plot is rather trivial. If the book were announced in a juvenile series, we should not say this, but we fear grown up people will lay the book aside with a smile after reading the first half. The book has a very attractive cover. Price, 80 cents.

MANUAL OF BIBLE TRUTHS AND HISTORIES.
COMPILED AND ARRANGED BY REV. JAMES I. BAXTER, D. D. PUBLISHER, P. J. KENEDY 3 & 5 BARCLAY ST., NEW YORK.

The chief aim of this book is to contribute something, however little, towards popularizing the Sacred Scriptures. To this end all the more important and interesting passages are here presented, apart from their less attractive surroundings, while the text, though losing nothing of its original simplicity, is reduced for brevity's sake to the merest narrative. The volume is designed to accommodate at least three classes of persons; viz., Catechists, students in a general way of the Holy Bible, and Preachers of the Word of God. It is hoped also that this volume may prove convenient in the Pulpit. A striking text or pertinent story often serve to rouse the flagging interest of a congregation. (From the Preface.)

The bible truths and histories contained in this very useful and interesting book are adapted to the questions of the Baltimore Catechism. We recommend it to all who must consult the Holy Scriptures (and who must not?) as a very practical and complete reference-book on the questions of religion.

SOCIETY NOTES.

COLUMBIANS. The past month was with the Columbians a very busy one. An exceedingly interesting program was rendered March 29th. The debate, Resolved that the study of the drama affords more mental pleasure than the study of real life was closely contested. The negative succeeded in gaining the necessary two votes. For the affirmative were Messrs. Ersing and Meighan; negative, Staiert and Ley. Messrs. Ersing and Ley deserve praise for excellent compositions, and Mr. Meighan distinguished himself by his oratory. Mr. Mutch, a new member, acquitted himself very creditably with a recitation.

At the last election for the year '97-'98 the society elected the following as officers: Pres., Thomas Parnell Travers; Vice Pres., Theodosius Brackman; Sec., Francis J. Kuenle; Treas., John Morris; Critic, Felix Thos. Seroczynski; Editor, John Boeke; Marshal, John Riefers; Ex. Committee, Ildephons Rapp, John Patrick Burke, Gustave Didier.

At the same meeting it was decided that instead of the customary play on the eve of commencement the society honor the class of '98, and entertain the visitors with a debate. The gentlemen to be on the debate will be announced in the next issue.

A very valuable acquisition to the society's library has recently been made. The Columbians

are now able to boast of a Century Dictionary. For this they feel themselves indebted to the Rev. Faculty who have substantially seconded their efforts.

GERMAN SOCIETY. The German Society has chosen the following as officers: Pres., John Henry Boeke; Vice Pres., Lucas Rausch; Sec., Henry Reichert; Treas., Francis J. Kuenle; Marshal, Francis Theobald; Ex. Committee, Ferdinand Horst, Felix Thos. Seroczynski, Charles Daniel.

Steps preliminary to the celebration of Saint Boniface day in great glory have already been taken. The entire affair has been given over into the hands of a committee which is meeting with great success in its work. It is especially grateful to the C. L. S., A. L. S. and College Battalion for the good will shown to bear a share of the burden in making the day a success.

The farce, "Georg Johann Drueppel," was presented in the auditorium on the last Sunday of April. Mr. Boeke's impersonation of Drueppel evoked much favorable comment. Each of the players may be said to deserve high praise; we are sorry that a more extended account cannot be given.

MILITARY. Major Kuenle is elated with the success attending his efforts in perfecting the organization of the Squad. Sixteen stalwart braves have been chosen and will ere long appear before the public in their showy new zouave uniforms.

On May the 10th or thereabout the soldiers will assume the role of Thespians and entertain us with two excellent comedies which are being dili-

gently rehearsed. Admission fee will be charged and all are hopeful of realizing a handsome sum.

Instead of the annual Military Day it has been decided that, as last year, a military program form part of the commencement exercises.

ALOYSIANS. For the ensuing term the following have been elected as officers of the society: Pres., Otto Holtschneider; Vice Pres., Charles Stritt; Sec., Charles Frey; Treas., George Diefenbach, Editor, Eugene Schweitzer; Librarian, Henry Kalvelage; Marshal, Henry Wellman; Ex. Committee, Michael Seethaler, Charles Fralich and Anselm Bremerkamp.

ST. STANISLAUS READING CIRCLE has elected the following officers: Pres., Francis Theobald; Vice Pres., Albert Birren; Sec., Maurice Peelle; Treas., Louis Dabbelt; Editor Leo George Walther; Marshal, Aloysius Junk; Ex. Committee, Carl Hemsteger, Albert Cullen, Adrian MacMurray.

The society contemplates rendering a public program in the near future.

VARIA. The Rev. Faculty has given its heartiest approbation to the movement of establishing the League of the Sacred Heart at St. Joseph's. Preparations are assuming shape; the Rev. Prefect is taking great interest in the matter. We hope that in our next issue the League will be a certainty.

We are happy to state that our remark concerning the christening of our halls has evoked considerable interest not only from the student body but from our alumni as well several of whom have expressed their wish of soon seeing the halls

given more captious names than the present prosaic appellations. However as none have ventured to offer any suggestion a name is still a matter of conjecture. Any suggestion from our alumni will be received gratefully.

Apropos to the naming of the halls, there is talk of a college pin. We can do no more than assure the promoters of this movement of hearty support from all. In this as in all else tending to our Alma Mater's interest the alumni can be depended upon to display their loyalty.

MARIAN SODALITY. Vice John Burke resigned, Mr. Edmond Ley has been chosen secretary of the Sodality: The consultants are: Charles Frey, Charles Uphaus, Joseph Mutch, Edward Werling, Herman Plas, Protus Staiert, Titus Kramer, Meinrad Koester, Ernest Hefeale, Alexander LaMotte. FELIX T. SEROCZYNSKI, '99.

KRONEN UND PALMEN.

On April 13th, the students and a number of visiting priests witnessed the rendition of the sacred drama entitled "Kronen und Palmen. The matter is taken from a novel of the same name, and is tastefully arranged in five acts. The language may be considered a specimen of good style. The play was first rendered at Rome in presence of a number of cardinals.

The scene is laid in Rome during the reign of the emperor Diocletian. Claudius a young man of about twenty followed his father's trade as

sculptor and soon surpassed him. Having attracted the attention of the Romans through an exquisite representation of the Blessed Virgin, he is called upon by the emperor himself to ply his tools for the propagation of the heathenish worship. The refusal is only faint and great is the struggle between right and wrong, religion and art, God and the favor of the emperor. In the fourth act, however, the example of another faithful martyr and the entreaties of his aged father make him declare in favor of his holy religion. In the fifth act he firmly states his holy resolution in presence of the emperor.

Mr. Brackmann as Claudius, showed in his acting that he had conceived his part to perfection. His slightly wavering voice was fitting to the state of his soul. The father and mentor of Claudius was very effectfully represented by Mr. Neuschwanger. The old sorrow-stricken man appealed to the hearts of the audience. Mr. Heimbürger in the character of Diocletian did better than ever, and commanded a dignified bass voice. To Mr. Rapp, although representing a minor character, special credit is due. In the fourth act especially he gave vent to the strong and passionate feelings excited in the heart of a free son of nature. Messrs. Hartjens and Sailer commanded good stage presence. Indeed all participants deserve praise.

Something novel and spectacular was the introduction of the emperor's triumphal march and the soldiers' chorus from Faust.

HERMAN FEHRENBACH, '98.

BASE BALL.

“All the world loves a lover”, and some of our leading sportsmen seem dead in love with the Muses. We dare not, therefore, say harsh things about them. In consequence of their affliction, however, a representative college team looks like a forlorn hope this year. Several practice games have developed the fact that very good material is on hand. All that seems to be wanting is a good coach and captain. There are a larger number of teams this year and better matched than any previous one, but as none has organized as the representative team they cannot claim the honorable initials of S. J. C.

On the seventeenth of April the heavy sluggers of both study-halls came together for the first time this season and, contrary to expectation, the “Northerners” bit the dust to the tune of 13-17. Reid, the slabman for the revived “Stars,” proved to be a hidden gem, and it was only in the sixth inning that the resuscitated “Eagles” began to gauge his curves successfully. He then withdrew in favor of “Stonewall” who was wild at first but settled down later.

For the South Side, Stolz soon gave way to Kramer who, barring a little tendency to become erratic, pitched a winning game. With steady practice both Reid and Kramer will become star pitchers.

NORTH SIDE		SOUTH SIDE
Arnold	rf.....	Schneider
Reichert	cf.....	Didier
Bremerkamp.....	lf.....	Poggeman
Reid and Steinbrunner.....	1b.....	Stolz and Kramer
Travers.....	2b.....	Scharf
Cullen	3b.....	Muinch
Schneider	ss.....	Kanney
Horst.....	c.....	Bellersen
Reid and Steinbrunner.....	p.....	Kramer and Stoltz

On the twenty-fourth ult. a regular game was played between the two junior teams, the Vigilants and the Victors. The former won the game by a score of 14-10.

VIGILANTS		VICTORS
Frey	rf.....	Rock
Riefers.....	cf.....	Biegel
Fralich.....	lf.....	Kalvelage
Ley.....	1b.....	Peelle
Morris.....	2b.....	Marantette
Holt Schneider.....	3b.....	Seethaler
Arnold	ss.....	Kiely
Wessel.....	c.....	Horstman
Panther.....	p.....	Diefenbach

JOHN R. MORRIS, '99.

LOCALS.

On the first of April the morning bell did not peel forth, it was tongue-tied. But a little later a Peelle came forth.

Peters lost five pounds since Easter owing to constant study in a special course in diagnostics, which he is pursuing for the purpose of applying his latest prophylactic discoveries.

If the enthusiasm for singing, now manifest among the students, is an indication of success, Father Benedict's collection of college songs is showing good results. Keep it up, boys!

The Minims are in fondest hopes that on their holiday their castle will be adorned with a statue of their patron, St. Aloysius.

Theodosius the Small says that his conscience does not allow him to read anything in the Collegian except the jokes, because all the other productions he finds on the index.

Many of the students whom too great distance from home did not keep back at college were permitted to spend the Easter holidays in the family circle.

The other day Steinbrunner was sent by one of the prefects to get a note out of his room, but reaching the room he found the door locked; but as luck would have it, he struck a key on the piano and found the note.

Problems.—If Peelle gets up on time for a whole week, how many extra snoozes will he take to make up for it?—If Recker can wreck a train (of thoughts) in a minute now that he is weak, how many weeks will he have to train so that he can wreck a train?

The boys in the Military are preparing an entertainment for the near future which will prove

to be a success. Prominent features of the programme will be a "Suave Drill" and a "Comic and a Serious Drill." The members are working hard to make their first appearance on the stage this year with *eclat*.

On reading the article "Ocean Poetry" in the April number of the Collegian one of the graduates ventilated his views on the subject and remarked that the Deluge was the high-water mark or golden age of ocean poetry. He is now dabbling his feet in a bucket of water for poetical inspiration.

Class '01 is the foremost class at Collegeville. Already have they chosen their class colors and badges, and a class yell is being made up to be voted upon. The colors are "old gold" and "Levander," two rich colors and a still richer signification. "United by the bonds of friendship toward one another and our professor (Levander) we will fight for honors and work to be worthy of the 'Old Gold' for our class color."

People always labor under the delusion that the horrors of war are greatly diminished by making new inventions; as, *exempli gratia*, smokeless powder, etc. Now Mr. E. D. in a late debate declared with much unction that this is on the contrary a gigantic disadvantage. For now that smokeless powder is used, the soldier cannot know when he'll be shot; but formerly he could see the smoke and then prepare himself for death. Formerly, too, when the soldiers smelled the powder many ran, and thus great slaughter was avoided. Thus the greatest advantages of waging war are vastly disappearing.

Though most of the Fathers were obliged to be absent, assisting in different parishes, during the latter part of Holy Week and the Easter days, the ceremonies at the College were observed with

as much solemnity as possible. The three sacred hours on Holy Friday were spent in the chapel by every one. Father Rector preached an English sermon and Father Justin a German. The Way of the Cross was solemnly recited and the remaining time spent in meditation or chant by the choir. In the morning of Thursday, Friday, and Saturday the services were solemn; but on Easter day there could be only a common high mass by the Rev. Rector, Father Justin directing the choir.

Just think, our "poet of Spring"—*stet nominis umbra*—has recently consigned to the flames one of his latest productions, the very title of which, as he himself affirms, would have been sufficient to immortalize any old croaker (the editor of the Collegian had refused to print it). Although nobody else read it before its destruction, we surmise with reason that it must have been a very "juicy" little poem, since, when it was being (now follow the poet's own words) solemnly offered as a sacrificial holocaust to the incensed Muse, it took a gigantic pyre to reduce it to ashes. Now there *sunt quos cineres Olympicos collegisse juvat*, and *propter hoc* the sacred ashes are now in our museum. Indeed a great benefit for the good of the reading public!

While vocal culture is receiving due consideration, the College band and orchestra have been permitted to languish in silent ease. We are happy to state, however, that Father Clement has now revived the defunct orchestra and that Mr. Weyman is wielding the baton for the band. The orchestra sprung a surprise on the evening of the German play by the rendition of classic music from some of the grand operas with precision, grace, and energy.

It is reported that manufacturers of toys are making a fortune by producing specimens of the

Maine. An agent in that line of business would do good business at Collegeville, since the Minims have caught the craze and are floating miniature cruisers, notably the battle ship Indiana, on the lake. This little body of water is assuming swelling proportions, owing to a new tributary of one hundred barrels an hour from the well recently sunk on the College grounds to the depth of two hundred and forty feet. The fish and the fishermen are now in glory.

The organist and the organ.—Incipit organist:

“Ah ! wouldst thou only know, sweet organ,
How thou charmest me every day,
With thy harmonious melodies!
Tremulously do I touch thy sacred keys
And timidly thou answerest me.
Oh, let now once more me listen
To thy mellifluous, pleasing voice.”

Et ait illi organum (in shrill tenor and discordant undertone):

“How darest thou with touch not sanctified
By the knowledge of the octave and the scales,
Not to speak of minors, lay hold upon my frame?
Must I live so long to be disgraced
In my old age by such unskilful hands?
And — — ’too’ — — ’tee’ — — I can no more!
Oh, my lungs — — my breath — — I choke.
Frenchy — — pump!”

For some time past the inhabitants of Collegeville have been troubled with horrid dreams of earthquakes, tornadoes, and all kinds of dire catastrophies. “Nature’s sweet restorer” became a tormentor. The war news was too meagre to fill the minds with fearful portends. What was the cause? Evidently, here was a psychological problem. Following the lines of argumentation usually pursued to discover the cause of dreams, a reporter instituted an investigation on the basis of empiric observation. Here are some of the data

gathered from which a satisfactory conclusion was drawn. Several trees along the bicycle track thrown down and almost uprooted. A team of horses belonging to the College badly frightened and nearly rendered unfit for use. A Waverly bicycle looking like the rhomboidal figures on an examination paper in Mathematics, now in the repair shop. And the absence of an article in this issue from the editor of the COLLEGIAN.

HONORARY MENTION.

The names of those students that have made an average of 90 per cent or above in all their classes and have not fallen below 90 per cent in conduct and application during the month of March appear in the first column.

The second column contains the names of those that have reached an average of 84 per cent in all their classes with at least 84 per cent in conduct and application.

90 PER CENT OR ABOVE. 84 PER CENT OR ABOVE.

J. Boeke

W Arnold.

T. Brackmann

J. Birren

D. Brackmann

C. Daniel

J. Burke

B. Eckstein

L. Dabbelt

C. Faist

E. Deininger

C. Hemsteger

G. Didier

W. Hordeman

F. Ersing

H. Hoerstman

E. Flaig

O. Holtschneider

H. Fehrenbach

F. Horst

U. Frenzer

H. Kalvelage

C. Frey

M. Koester

S. Hartmann	F. Kuenle
E. Hefeie	H. Luke
L. Hoch	J. Mayer
L. Holthaus	J. Meyer
L. Huber	R. Monin
X. Jaeger	J. Morris
P. Kanney	J. Mutch
S. Kremer	V. Muinch
C. Mohr	M. Peelle
D. Neuschwanger	I. Rapp
H. Plass	L. Rausch
B. Recker	H. Reichert
P. Sailer	J. Riefers
T. Saurer	C. Rock
A. Schuette	C. Rohrkemper
V. Schuette	M. Schmitter
H. Seiferle	E. Schneider
J. Seitz	D. Schneider
P. Staiert	E. Schweitzer
J. Staiert	F. Seroczynski
J. Steinbrunner	M. Seethaler
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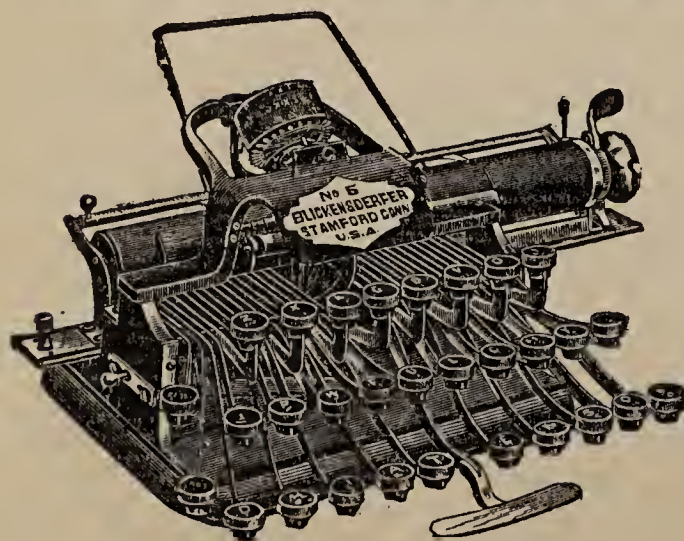
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